

The
STAR OF GOLD

EVA ASHLEY PARLOW



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THE STAR OF GOLD



The
Star of Gold
And
Other Poems

By
Eva ASHLEY Parslow



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I dedicate this book of verse to my sister,

Martha Ashley

*whose life has always been to me an in-
spiration and joy.*

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The Star of Gold

AS deep'ning shadows gathered in the east
All eyes were turned to watch on-coming
gloom,
The din of battle sounded from afar,
And hearts were strained to meet impending
doom.

Swift through the dark and all-encircling clouds,
Insistent as a voice in troubled tones —
Appealing to the very souls of men —
There came faint echoes of those dying moans.

We pictured stricken France and heroes, brave;
Hushed were we in deepest thought and
reverie.

We caught the look of anguish, the appeal
To God to spare their lives if it might be!

The supplication grew, at last, more faint:
“Not my will but Thine, oh Thou my Guide.”
The echo died away — our heads were bowed;
Then came the echoing — “Lord with me
abide.”

THE STAR OF GOLD

The picture changed. Those crimson fields were
kissed

By sunset skies. Alas, the day was done.
Night settled down upon that hero band —
Some living, some their earthly course now run.

Then, as our heads were lifted, we beheld
Bright gleaming thru the distant, silent night,
A golden star which seemed to speak this
message:

“Be not dismayed. Trust on, all will be right.”

And now the stars all seemed to sing together —
A chorus, like that sacred song of old;
“Peace comes at last. Weep not; your fallen
hero
Will lead you onward thru his *Star of Gold*.”

Singing

DID you ever note the singing
Of the birds before the rain?
Hear the zephyrs waft the echo
Of a plaintive soft refrain?
There's a meaning deep and hidden
In the voice before the storm,
It is Prophecy and Promise
Taking on a subtle form.

We are told the lark's first song notes
Were begun as notes of pain;
So the singing may be sighing
When it comes before the rain;
But if sighing can be singing
Why not every body sing!
Sing before the storm and after —
And watch DISCONTENT take wing!

Sojourners

JUST a wave of the hand and a smile
As we sojourn together to-day,
Will, perhaps, cheer some heart for awhile
Or may possibly brighten the way
That seems dark to another — the while.

Just a look that is kind, a bright smile
That speaks straight to the soul of a fellow,
May, perchance, a few sunbeams beguile
Into ways that will soften and mellow
Some heart hardened thru misery or trial.

Just a word that is kind and a smile!
How much happier we would be—one and all—
As we journey together — awhile,
And at last answer “here” to the Call
That will claim us an infinite while.

The Island of Cytherea

THERE'S an Island of Cytherea,
Earthly paradise we name it.
'Tis the home of many lovers
Who are young and fancy-free;
Young and fair and filled with music
From the flute of one-Pied Piper,
And the notes, revibrant ever,
Are by myriad voices sung.

Nor can we choose but follow
For the music throws a glamour,
And the cadence, all-pervading,
Is like fragrance from the rose.
Nor does it change, this island,
Its enchantment thrills unceasing,
And the river leading to it
Swift, compelling, dancing flows.

Happy they who have this journey
Still before them — land of romance —
Who would not embark with pleasure
To rehearse the echoing song?

THE STAR OF GOLD

If we could with youth's loved comrade
Through you haleyon groves now wander,
We would linger by the river,
Tarry there the whole day long.—

Till some gondolier might sight us,
Row us to that magic island
O'er the spacious sea of ether
Toward the gleaming of the light;
And beyond with mirth enraptured,
Flinging to the clouds all sadness,
We would reach empyreal borders
Guided by our starlit sight.

Cherished Island of Cytherea,
I am with thee in my dream-world,
And thy zepthers waft a perfume
Like the breath of bridal wreaths.
Life now calls me to new duties
But the melodies still cheer me,
And thy memory, constant ever,
Strength into my life-blood breathes!

The Parting of the Ways

MISS Spring comes joyously tripping along,
Filling the earth with laughter and song.
Her raiment is bright, artistic and new,
All sparkling with jewels and glittering with
dew.

She casts furtive glances toward her late swain;
How Winter regrets this fair maiden's disdain!
Jack lingered at length in his cold, austere mood
And on Miss Spring's time seemed inclined to
intrude.

But no doubt she will show her admirer yet
She's quite independent—like a true suffragette;
She will win the whole world by her mild, gentle
ways

And hobnob with Summer, through the coming
bright days.

In Mid May

WITH magical splendor and mystical charm
All Nature proclaims May her Queen ;
Then decks her with garlands — bright-jewelled
and rare,
And grey-veils the beauteous scene.

We tread on her carpet — so verdant and soft,
All cares disappear as we sing.
We sip the sweet nectar from chalice of bloom,
And welcome the glad smile of Spring.

We turn to the byways with clover o'er-grown,
Recalling the Mays of our youth,
And tho' a faint perfume regales us again,
Still, something seems lacking — forsooth !

Perhaps 'tis an Absence that cannot be filled ;
Then breezes blow gently and cry :
“Remembrance shall lose neither magic nor
charm
Tho' the springtime of youth has passed by.”

Summer's Moods

IN the plumage of her sister,
 With assurance of her own,
Summer leaves Miss Spring, rejoicing,
 Northward she proceeds alone.

Unlike spring, whose gentle zephyrs
 Were as welcome as her May,
She will rage and storm unbridled,
 Soon her mother earth she'll sway.

But without her tear-bathed landscapes
 How could summer's roses bloom?
Ah! there's brightness back of darkness,
 Radiance follows after gloom!

Summer's moods are like our fancies,
 Now we weave with threads of gold,
Then again we weave the shadows—
 Both but help our lives unfold.

Transformation

O, beauteous morn, with every tree and shrub
Bedecked with brightest crystals—beau-
teous snow!

Which man hath tried in vain to imitate
By artist's brush or alchemist's wondrous art,
But which compared to nature's matchless skill
Fails to inspire the thought or thrill the heart
With rapturous joy, such as those proudly know
Who look upon a glistening, gladdening scene
Some Winter's morn, with every branch white-
eapped,

Resplendent with the touch of master stroke,
And ask, Whence cometh this? From out yon
space

Illumined, darkened both in needful turn?
Just as our life by sun and shower expands,
By joys and sorrows crystalizing power
We are evolved into a nobler life.
And now we ask, where goeth all too soon
These panoramic pictures—varying forms ?
Are they forever lost when changed, and live

AND OTHER POEMS

But in the memory? No. Though they're
transformed,

Else eyes would grow bedimmed and lusterless,
For naught remains untouched by magic wand.
Aye—mountain peak and ocean's wave-washed
shores,

Earth, star-lit sky—all speak of marvelous
change.

Without it, ah! without transforming force,
As we are but a part of one great whole,
Monotony would reign in place of growth,
THERE'D BE NO EVOLUTION OF THE SOUL.

The Well-Springs of Life

HOPE'S beacon leadeth on from day to
day, anon —

Through all the changing scenes of life her
brightness gleams.

If Hope should disappear from Earth's broad
realms, we fear

This great Humanity would fail and cease to
be.

When disappointments come, or one, perchance,
has some

Misfortune he must bear; when sorely tried
with care,

And when the world seems cold, Hope comes
with joys untold!

Before her shrine we'll pay our homage — day
by day.

But when clouds intervene, or shadows steal
between

Man and fond Hope, Love sits near with
radiant light, to cheer

AND OTHER POEMS

The heart, which seems congealed by sorrow, un-
revealed

To other eyes, perhaps, when grief the life-
blood saps.

O Love, thou art a boon to all mankind; for soon
Life's dusk would deepen into night without
thee; tho' thy light

At times seems but to lure, 'twill brighten, re-
assure,

Lead on and help us meet both victory and
defeat.

To Mother

OF bygone days I'm thinking
And a tender glowing light
Centers around a hearthstone,
Like clustering stars of night,
And reflects my mother's figure
In her old accustomed place.
I can feel her gentle presence
As though we were face to face.
She seems to be reading a letter
From some one who is dear,
For, falling upon the paper
Is a sympathetic tear.
Yes, the missive is from a loved one
Who tells of a grief all her own;
And mother's quick thought sends answer,
"Dear child, you are not alone;
Let me help you bear the burden
As I've done many times before."
And rising, she enters her chamber,
Then softly closes the door.
In my reverie I enter with her,

AND OTHER POEMS

And stand by her sacred chair.
But I cannot describe the pathos
In the voice of mother's prayer!
I steal away in silence
For the place is holy ground;
But my heart is a thousand times lighter
And somehow peace is found.
Ah! when memory turns to mother
The pathway is always bright.
For her eyes reflect a radiance,
'Tis the glow of mother-love light.

In the Attic

LET us softly open the attic door,
And tiptoe across the room,
For the ghosts of other years are there —
The old spinning wheel, the loom —
And hundred and one odd heirlooms, rare;
Dust-laden, perhaps, and passé,
But they speak a language we understand
And echo the far away.

Let us open once more the old cedar chest
With its treasures quaint, untold;
With its relics of by-gone happy years
And its stories a century old.
We fondly kneel by the time-honored trunk,
And with gentle, loving hands,
We lift the cover, as ancestors did,
For reverence this chest commands.:

We peep here and there in the close packed tills,
With their lavender scent long gone,

AND OTHER POEMS

Untying ribbons long ago faded,
 Around parcels, one by one.
Here a bit of lace from a wedding gown,
 Creamy by reason of age,
And here a package of letters, we find,
 Shall we read them page by page?

Ah! somehow they seem far too sacred,
 Let them keep their secrets, old!
We can read enough of the story
 From this box with its relics of gold.
Some one placed them here — mute reminders —
 When love cherished every one;
A broken bracelet, an earring, a brooch,
 With its once glistening gem long gone.

Then we find tiny shoes and wee dresses,
 Here a sprig of mignonnette;
There are photos, books and dear old songs,
 We can hear the melody yet!
“But why should we keep these longer?” we ask,
 Then a cadent note reproves,
We re-tie, refold and re-place them,
 Though the voice but a phantom proves.

’Tis Remembrance hovering around them still,
 Keeping vigil through the years,

THE STAR OF GOLD

Guarding these keepsakes another may prize,
And turning mirth into tears.
We reverently close the cover and leave,
Breathing a prayer that some day
This vigil will still watch over, with care,
The treasures *we* lay away.

Love-Chains

FOND memory wakes, bringing to view
The scenes of bygone days;
The pictures gleam with love-chains
Varied as sunset rays.
Parental love entwined each heart
With links of purest gold,
Tried by the test of effort, brave,
Unsung, unknown, untold!

And Brother love, like Sister love,
Untiring, smoothed the path;
It bore us above the rugged steeps
And replete is the aftermath.
Then Friendship links, like coral reefs,
Taking on many forms,
Brightened our days, as the moon the night,
Or sustained us through life's storms.

And the Sweetheart chain, with its links of song
And story we love so well;
How we followed Cupid where'er he led,
Though the destiny none could tell.

THE STAR OF GOLD

We soared away to happy realms,
And we found the paths of Dream;
But wherever the way, the Mother-love
Followed on — like a silvery stream.

Yes, it gladdened our hearts in childhood,
And soothed us when we were distressed;
It watched us through the devious ways,
Ah! the Mother-love knows no rest.
Maternal love is undying love,
Thrice blest that adorable gift!
'Tis a chain that grows strong through sacrifice,
Its strength is its power to uplift.

In Memoriam

Lines on the sinking of the "Titanic"
April fourteenth, Nineteen hundred and twelve

THOUGH warning came of drifting floes of
ice,
Majestically the great "Titanic" hurried on.
The day had passed — night settled o'er the sea,
The very stars kept vigil 'long the way,
Lest on her maiden voyage some danger lurked
Unseen and unexpected. Icebergs, vast,
Perchance might cross her path and cripple her;
But no, this could not be, for she was staunch,
Like a leviathan, and built indeed
To battle with the elements and sea.

* * *

Thus thought the Captain, brave, whose heart
now thrilled

With expectation mingled with regret,
For this, he said, must be the last great ship
He would command; this his last trip!
For forty years he'd sailed the mighty sea
Unharméd, and thereby won applause of men,

THE STAR OF GOLD

But soon he must heroically retire
For age was creeping on and he must rest.

* * *

'Twas thus his reverie ran. Remembrance woke,
But while he planned — Fate wrought her stern
decree;

His Queen was wounded mortally that night.
A monstrous berg, gigantic and undreamed,
Pierced with its hidden fangs this ship of steel
All laden with its precious human freight
And bent her bow into the waters dread.
The scenes that followed pen cannot depict.
The Captain, passengers, and sturdy crew
Appalled, with but a single thought well knew
The craft was doomed and they by anguish torn
Waited their fate. Could they dare hope for life?
The angry sea about them filled with ice
And not another ship to reach, perhaps!
Women and men—twenty-three hundred souls—
Now prayed as they had never prayed before
For help and strength to meet approaching doom.

* * *

Swift through the air their signal of distress
Sped on its way, to be caught up, thank God,
By the “Carpathia”! In quick response
She sent a message back; then turned at once
To rescue and to save — if save she could.

AND OTHER POEMS

Meantime the lifeboats lowered from the fated
ship.

The impulse known as the divine in man
Came forth to glorify the tragic hour,
For men gave place to women, martyr-like!
“Entreat me not to leave thee,” Love now cried,
“Whitherso-ever thou goest I will go!”

* * *

Could any tongue describe that agony —
As hundreds of the weak were bravely launched?
That parting from their loved ones — stout hearts
rung

In cruel grief and anguish all their own —
Some to be rescued, some to meet their doom
With the old Captain and his Queen of Ships.
One thousand and six hundred souls went down
When this proud Titan plunged into the deep,
Wealth clasped the hand of Poverty, and Death
Beekoned them on into their watery tomb!

* * *

And as the morning light broke o’er the scene —
The world, bowed with its grief and dread
despair,

Asked of the silent deep: “What can it mean,
Is this the ransom fate demands of Speed?”
And from her depths a sighing echo came:
“Let *Prudence* and fair *Science* lead thee forth!”

One Fateful Night*

EVER Nineteen Twelve had passed
From spring to summertime.
Her history was carved in letters fast—
A page sublime!
For though disaster dread and unsurpassed,
A sheath of sorrow over two worlds spread,
And darkness cast—

Still shone there through it all,
A wondrous light!
Above the tragedy and funeral pall,
Transcending bright—
A torch, held by the strong,
In their last earthly fight,
Proclaimed their chivalry.
Appeased their wrong,
One fateful night.

*This poem was written with the sinking of the *Titanic* in mind, and the chivalry of the men who gave place to women.

The Long Voyage*

TESTED and tried by life's receding care
I lay me down to rest — all unaware
Of where I shall awake; but this I know
Peace pilots me and leads wher'er I go.

Peace, bending low, repeats with accent clear
A glad refrain into my list'ning ear,
The words are these: "You've tried to do your
best.

Fear not. I'm with you now. Be not distress'd."

Peace bids me come. Let no one challenge me!
As I embark upon the untried sea
I'll say farewell with neither sigh nor moan,
Knowing full well Peace fears not the Unknown.

*This was published on the death of Mayor Gaynor of New York, who died at sea, 1913.

Reflections

O, the mystery of life!
Like the gathering, deep'ning dusk of
night

It veils our sight; o'erwhelms us and becomes
The deeper still as earth unfolds her marvels.
The finite mind can comprehend so little
Of the revolving orbs or Infinite,
That we're compelled to say: "We do not know."
'Twere futile to attempt by human means
To even explain a *cell*, or whence it came.
Yet, somehow in the heart of every one
There lives the hope, that he may understand
The mystery of Life and Death and all
That forms the Universe — so great, so vast
That our intensest thought is subt'ly dulled
When we attempt to solve it in our way.

* * *

It seems unknowable; but as there's born
Within us apprehension of our fate,
We spend long hours in wond'ring, striving
In vain, to know; for, all unseen, there comes

AND OTHER POEMS

To interpose between our mind's dim eye
And the Great Cause, oblivion's mystic veil,
As tho' to teach anew our limitations.

* * *

But there's enough that we *may* know full well :
To live for others not alone for ours,
Would make this world a better place for man ;
That there is scarcely any deed one does
But that its influence acts and then reacts
Upon some other brain — like dew absorbed
And then dispensed again ; and thus it is
That a kind action travels on and on
Through boundless Time ; no one would dare
attempt

To measure or compute the good resulting
From it ; but, likewise, none can know
The harm or grief which follows in the train
Of a wrong action ; and although the one
Who did it, may, perchance, repent, 'tis done
And on its way is sent through countless days
To leave its imprint on the minds of men.

* * *

Should we not then learn well the patent fact :
That as we live aright, we live to be
Immortal in our good ; if wrong, alas !
Immortal in the influence of those deeds.

THE STAR OF GOLD

And if the soul reflects the inner-self,
And lives to make or mar our lives and others,
Should we not early learn to follow Christ?
Not for ourselves alone, but all mankind.
For thus the spirit can evolve and grow
Until it find itself at one with God.

My Prayer

OH constant source of Truth and Light di-
vine,
Direct thy rays into this heart of mine;
Search in its deep recesses, keep it pure,
And there shall follow blessings rich and sure.

Oh Light within my soul, direct my life;
Keep me from malice in this world of strife.
Oh Light of Justice, guard this heart of mine;
Teach me thy law is purest love divine.

If adverse winds should turn my course from
Thee,
Let not my bark be lost on sorrow's sea;
Take Thou the helm, Oh Father, pilot me,
Oh Star of Hope, guide Thou my destiny!

Fortune

REPUTATION watched with Virtue for
their fortune

To change into a new and brighter day;
They had hoped, and longed, and waited for the
turning,
Until they'd grown despondent 'long the way.

There were times when life seemed scarcely
worth the living;

When ambition, faith and hope seemed to de-
part;
But hope was first to cheer them by returning,
And the load was slowly lifted from the heart.

Then they pondered on the outlook for the
future;

There was but a ray of light to lead them on;
But, 'twas that one ray alone which helped them
venture

Up the craggy, rugged road they'd started on.

AND OTHER POEMS

Reputation said, "Don't lose me, O, my sister,
If you miss me for a moment I am lost.
Keep me near you; don't desert me, best of
sisters,
While upon the Sea of Life our barks are
tossed.

"I know pleasure, fame and wealth are well
worth winning,
In the race upon this ball we call the earth;
But these things are a mere hindrance, if the
gaining
Means a sacrifice of honor or of worth.

"We'll strive ever to live nobly, and, hence-
forward,
To aid others who are weary or depressed;
'To be true to one's own self' — Ah! that's the
secret,
Which gives to life its sparkle and its zest."

Virtue said, "Yes, that alone repays the striving,
For a pleasure shared becomes, at once, twice
dear;
What would our cosmos be if, along the byways,
We should fail to carry friendliness or cheer?"

THE STAR OF GOLD

Thus good fortune is assured, for, with right
living,

Comes a wealth of peace which truly is sublime;
And kind effort finds no limit, but, like sunshine,
It radiates and spreads through endless Time.

The Unsinkable Ship of Democracy

SAIL on, thou Unsinkable Ship,
With America's torch at thy bow;
Go, visit the war-stricken nations of earth
And herald democracy's vow.
Ye Waters, your perils are past,
And though storms still continue to rage,
Less toll shall ye gather of human life
To be written on history's page.

Ye sub-marines, cease your attacks;
'Twere futile to spend and be spent,
No missile ye send on its mission of death
Can now harm. Turn back and relent.
Take thought of the anguish you've left in your
train,
The piteous moans of the dying;
The waves of the ocean still echo their cry,
And the earth resounds with their sighing.

Blood-stained are the waters you've ploughed,
Heartsore are the nations today,

THE STAR OF GOLD

Because of your ruthless, unspeakable guilt,
You have filled the whole world with dismay.
Let your conscience awake, like the morn
After the storm-tossed night. Be strong;
Awake to the voice of Peace on Earth
And atone for your wanton wrong.

Go weep with the mothers and wives,
The fathers and sisters and friends;
Go bind up the wounds of the war-stricken world
Where death lurks and danger attends.
Go search in the fathomless sea
For the fairest of youth ye have slain;
Go search for our seamen and sons,
Let us look on their faces again.

Go search in the tombs and the corners of earth
The far-stretching field and the fen.
Go carry a message to souls in despair
And strengthen the world-weary men.
Is the task too impossible? Speak, Sub-marine,
Let the world hear your answer today;
Restitution may gain her rightful toll.
Dare you face it? There's no other way!

The Unsinkable Ship sails the seas
And meets you at death's cruel zone;

AND OTHER POEMS

Democracy sits at the helm and speaks clear
As she crosses your pathway alone.
Dread darkness now spreads rounds the earth,
But Right will prevail — give praise!
For the light in the bow of the ship
Shall encircle the world with her rays!

Facing the Future

LET us not strive for pleasure's chase alone,
Nor let us worship at the shrine of ease;
But may we work with this one aim: To please
The Master Mind; and for misdeeds atone.

From Pacific to Atlantic*

FROM Pacific to Atlantic
Votes for women we shall see.
Woman's rights have long existed,
Woman's rights there'll always be.
She has had a right to struggle,
She has had a right to pray;
She will gain the right of suffrage
Thru her own efficient way.

She has battled for her children,
She has made a noble fight;
She has taught proud sons to love her,
Taught them only *Right is might*.
Now she asks them to reward her
With the right to vote for right,
And to help them in their efforts
Toward an upward onward flight.

She has shared the world's great burdens;
In past years she's tilled the soil;

*This poem was written in 1914, and published the same year in a suffrage paper when the state convention met at Binghamton, N. Y.

THE STAR OF GOLD

She has worked in field and factory,
Home and office know her toil.
Now she asks the right of franchise
But this protest loud we hear:
“Women’s rights are at the hearthstone
There to minister and cheer.”

That we hold is truth unquestioned;
This appeal from sea to sea
Is for fairer law and justice
For unborn posterity.
Thru long years she’s rocked the cradle
Of the nation, faithfully;
Now she asks that her fair daughters
And her sons share equally.

From Pacific to Atlantic
She is shaping destiny
For a better, broader, brighter
And more righteous liberty.
She has won full many a battle,
She has reared our Washingtons;
In the cause of glorious freedom
She has sacrificed her sons.

From Pacific to Atlantic
Men have praised her loyally,

AND OTHER POEMS

Though they've oft forgotten precepts
Which she taught them at her knee;
But, like bread upon the waters
After many, many days,
They'll reward her thru allegiance
To her right and righteous ways.

After Many Years

FROM Atlantic to Pacific
Prohibition we shall see.
It has been a hope long cherished
And an old-time prophecy.
Women's tears have swelled the current
Of the slow on-coming tide,
But there's brightness after darkness
And the rays spread far and wide.

From Atlantic to Pacific
There's a death knell sounding clear,
King Barleycorn is summoned
And his cohorts crouch in fear;
For the voice of Prohibition
Sounds the message of her soul
And it echoes and re-echoes
As it spreads from pole to pole.

From Atlantic to Pacific
Mothers' hearts are beating light,
For their sons will not be hampered —

AND OTHER POEMS

As they battle for the right —
By the curse of many ages
Which has held them captives, slaves;
Prohibition comes with Progress,
And she planneth halcyon days.

Father's Day*

WHILE the vogue is here for the special
day,

Let us dedicate one to Father, pray!
Bring to him laurels his efforts have won;
Full commendation for work he has done.
Give him a part in the frolic and fun;
Yes, why not a Father's day!

Thoughtless of self in the bread winning fray,
How he has toiled through the long weary day,
Why not reward him with flowers and song?
Why not forget any long-cherished wrong?
Why not sound praises, withheld, all too long,
And welcome a Father's day?

There were many hardships along the way,
Father's heart was not always light and gay.
Think of the burdens he carried alone
With never complaint nor sigh nor moan!
For our neglect let us rightly atone
And unite in a Father's day!

*This poem first appeared in a publication devoted entirely to Father. The editor contends that Father has been left out of poetry and prose altogether too long. We now have Mother's Day. When may we hope to hear a word of praise for Father?

A Bachelor's Song

LONG gone are the years when the men wore
wigs

And ribbons and ruffles and velvet coats —
And sat around polished tables
Telling strange anecdotes;
Smoking their long-stem, old-time pipes
And drinking old-time wine,
Ah! those were the days of chivalry
Recounted in rhythm and rhyme.

But the times have changed, in these latter days
There are women and maidens — all fair,
With ribbons and ruffles and fancy coats
And wonderful, wonderful hair!
And they sit 'round polished tables,
Though the long-stem pipe is not there,
The cigarette and punch-bowl
Adorn the tables bare.

O, where is the old-time maiden,
Sans powder and paint so fair;
The pride of the town in her modest gown

THE STAR OF GOLD

And simple girlish hair?
Why, she would be laughed at, they tell me,
In this twentieth century whirl —
But, nonsense, I say, I shall wait for the day
I can marry an old-fashioned girl.

Recollections

THE Hills of Wayne, historic Hills of Wayne,
Oft we recall thy vales and villages
Bright'ning the landscape of our famed New
York

And bringing joy and gladness to the heart
Of all thy children—fond and faithful heirs.
We turn with growing pride and veneration
To native fields where spring life's richest
blessings.

In memory we make a pilgrimage
To towering hills and to our sacred shrine,
For there, perchance, some loved ones long since
gone

To that "far country" sanctify that hallowed
place.

Again we linger there in cheerful faith
Recalling childhood scenes—like fleeting clouds
Now vaguely gleaming—then they seem so close
We feel their presence, hear familiar voices.
Some friend now clasps our hand, soul speaks
to soul,

THE STAR OF GOLD

And in that moment lofty thoughts are born.
We vow anew allegiance to this soil;
To Hills of Wayne and Walworth, we confess
No spot on earth is dearer—none more blest.

The Mohawk*

IN the dreamy Mohawk valley
There's a river running through,
Reflecting skies, as silver,
Blending opaline with blue;
And the gray-veiled hills beyond it
Watch with wonder, for they see
This romantic Indian river
Change, in no uncertainty.

Yes, the hand of commerce threatens
To make straight its winding ways
And to broaden it and deepen!
Never more the quiet days,
Wrapped in Nature's magic silence
Shall we dream all undisturbed
By the shallow, babbling waters,
Soothing to the mind perturbed.

Now we wander through this valley
By the Mohawk quaint and calm,

*This was written when the great Barge Canal was being built thru New York State changing the River Mohawk.

THE STAR OF GOLD

And a peace pervades the stillness,
To the weary, 'tis a balm!
Reminiscently we tarry
Where the Mohawks once did roam
And we cry to commerce, begging
She will spare their one-time home.

Here the brave, but conquered redman
Lived and loved his light canoe.
And the river echoes gently,
"To his memory keep me true!"
Commerce answers; 'tis decisive,
"Change must come to hill and dale."
And before her we are silent,
Our request will not avail.

Then a soundless-voice reproves us,
Chides us for our narrow view
And we grasp the marvelous meaning
As we bid a fond "adieu!"
If we care not for these conquests
Backward, backward we must go;
For her march is ever onward
Through the valley winding low—

Or, through mountain ranges piercing,
Rock and river know her hand,

AND OTHER POEMS

It is mighty, and the sculptor
Is the Sculptor of our Land.
Stay it not, O, dreamer, lover
Of the ancient, olden days,
For it is the Hand of Progress
And it planneth well its ways.

Flag Day and the Mohawk Heroes*

LET us honor the Star Spangled Banner,
Forgetting its history never;
Nor the men who stood firm for freedom's flag;
Who fought with heroic endeavor;
And let us remember the brave women's part
Who, not only gave those they loved best
But, gave them the flag to sustain unto death!
And endured, like heroines, that test.

We reverence the red for the blood of the brave
And the white for the women and wives
Who in purity wrought the stars in the blue,
Let us emulate proudly those lives!
Our flag grandly floats from myriad staffs,
Speaking colors distinctive and true;
Long may it wave while millions of men
Vow allegiance to the red, white and blue!

*The above poem was published August 6, 1914, when the D. A. R. laid tablets marking the line of march of General Herkimer and his men, from Herkimer, New York, to Oriskany, where the Oriskany Monument now stands. This marks the battle-ground of the Revolutionary period, and a turning point in the war.

AND OTHER POEMS

We welcome this day with a two-fold pride
As the Mohawk is famed far and near,
It gave us the bravest of warriors
Who faced carnage and death without fear.
We cherish the time General Herkimer
Summoned his men from their near rendez-
vous
To Oriskany's fields where, August sixth,
They fought for the red, white and blue.

Long gone are the years since that clarion call
Bade them march to the fife and drum,
But *gratitude* keeps it fresh to-day,
And with homage the D. A. R. come
To mark the path of those valiant men,
With tablets and praise for deeds done,
Which gave to our Nation—the home of the
free—
Old Glory—so gloriously won!

Utica's Pageant

A Review by One of the Participants.

NOW when the pageant is ended,
When the scenes of Old Home Week are
o'er,
And we're back in our own quiet quarters,
And seated at leisure once more ;
We recall, with a smile reminiscent,
Our friends in their make-up so quaint,
Transformed by their old-fashioned costumes,
Their wigs or their gew-gaws and paint.

We dance with the Queen of the Forest,
The Spirit of Waters and Trees,
The nymphs and the sprites and the red-men—
Long, long we'll remember all these !
And now the Five Nations are gathered ;
Hiawatha, the peacemaker, comes,
Behold, we then see Minnehaha,
And hear once again the tom-toms.

AND OTHER POEMS

As we look, there appears Father Jogues,
Uplifting the cross as of old,
And the Indians gather around him,
While the sweetest of stories is told.
Look again and we see Peter Schuyler,
And the Palatine Germans — so blonde;
We listen to songs of Thanksgiving,
Uniting in one common bond.

Now a shrill note of cavalry music —
Oriskany's battle is heard!
The Mohawk resounds with the echo,
And the souls of her children are stirred —
As Herkimer falls from his saddle,
And carnage and death claim the field,
Brave indeed are those troops in the conflict,
As the horrors of war are revealed!

The wierd cry of "Oonah!" is sounded —
History here takes an epochal turn;
Soon, fewer and fewer the camp-fires
Of the tribes of the Iroquois burn!
We linger with pride at Fort Schuyler —
The Post Tavern life buoys us up;
We welcome the time-honored stage-coach,
And with Baron Steuben we now sup.

THE STAR OF GOLD

Old Hamilton College is founded,
While the populace gathers around,
And memory wakes from her slumbers,
As we hallow this sacred ground!
A city of fame is evolving —
The chorus swells loud in its praise
Of old Utica's rich, classic splendor,
As the picture presents "Ancient Days."

A dance of the Orient follows,
With its mystical measures so old;
Now the Spirit of Ancient Religion
And tableaux before us unfold.
With thunder of hoofs in the distance,
The Arabs sweep up the ravine,
And startle the dwellers, who vanish —
As New Utica comes on the scene!

Welsh music is heard through the forest,
And lovers appear with their friends;
A wedding is solemnized quaintly —
We applaud as the episode ends.
The years roll along, and distinguished,
Brave LaFayette stirs all our hearts;
Judge Williams and others now toast him,
And amid great applause he departs.

AND OTHER POEMS

History's Muse hurries on with precision —

“Abolition Days” follows this scene:

Susan Anthony, Smith and Fred Douglas,

Rev. May and the good Brother Green,

With others, attempt a convention,

But a mob interferes with their plan;

Mayor Grove, as the people grew frantic,

To the aid of Miss Anthony ran.

They disperse with wild jeering and uproar;

“Bill” Dunn now appears with the mail,

And two negroes, concealed 'mongst the
pouches,

Jump out, just as in the old tale;

To the “Underground Railroad” they're hur-
ried —

The Civil War follows, and then,

After years of hard struggle, our soldiers

Return to their loved ones again.

Prosperity follows our city —

In beauty the pageant portrays

The chief episodes of her history,

And recalls all those soul-stirring days.

THE STAR OF GOLD

The sun spreads its beams o'er the hillside —
The finale includes the whole cast,
And before it and through it, tho' soundless,
Miss Eager's voice rings to the last !

Jamestown College

Far, far away have our alumni gone
To China and the distant Philippines,
To far-off India's plains and mountain peaks
Our youth have found their mission fields;
Like followers of the Master they have gone
Where'er the call of duty beckoned them
And when the great war called, our sons re-
sponded.

Four Stars of Gold have we mid scores of blue.
These men went forth with J. C. loyal spirit;
Some answered to Life's last faint bugle call
And lie in Flanders fields. But some returned
And to their Alma Mater brought their trophies.
All honor to the ones who bravely died,
And honor to the ones who bravely live
To "carry on" the work of Peace on Earth.
Long may this college sound her clarion note
Long may her sons and daughters sound her
praises,

And with the coming years, God grant
To those who toiled to make the college great,
A joy which overshadows all the pain
That follows in the train of sacrifice.

Pictures From College Hill

MORNING

AND still the silver moon is shining,
Brightly it gleams with Jupiter close following.

Aurora paints the eastern skies deep golden
With gorgeous, pristine tones and radiant hues
Which are reflected from a thousand windows
In the river valley just below our campus.
Slowly the curling smoke from many chimneys
Blends with the misty, hazy atmosphere.
And like low-hanging clouds obscure the distant
view.

The gray-veiled hills beyond now dimly clear
And catch the early morning's glist'ning rays
Which scintillate across the wakening city.
The day begins. And we with one accord
Unite our voices in a common song
Of gratitude for all life's varied blessings.

EVENING

The western sky reflects the brightest coloring.
Matchless the artist of this vivid picture!

AND OTHER POEMS

Nor all the world could boast a scene more
brilliant.

The city lights below begin their vigil,
Like misplaced stars they vie with those above;
And to the weary heart or troubled mind
They prove a benediction, even more,
An inspiration, guiding, leading on—
All doubt and fear and loneliness dispelling.
And we again give fervent, silent praise;
For scenes like these will ever live in memory.
Go where we will to mountain peaks or plains,
To distant shores of ocean or Cathay,
No landscape there, no skies however bright
Could match the brightness of our college days.

Prairie Flowers

THERE'S a love in my heart for the furry-
like crocus*

Which comes to us out of the snows;
As the sun after rain it brightens and cheers
And is loved like the prairie rose.

There's a love in my heart for the deep purple
iris

Which blooms in the early spring days;
With profound adoration I make my obeisance
To the Goddess of Flowers and Mays!

There's a song in my heart for the pink wild
rose

Which blossoms on hillside or plain,
Flora chose June for the time of the year
When this queen of the prairie shall reign.

There's a love in my heart for the unnamed
flowers

Which greet us wherever we go;
And tho' winds of Dakota blow eerie or strong
They scatter the seeds, you know.

* The local name "crocus" is given to the Pasque flower, which is the first spring blossom. There are many beautiful and interesting Indian legends in regard to the Pasque flower.

Life's Storms

BLOW, ye winds, blow from south, north,
 east or west,
Eerie or fierce, low-sighing or distressed;
Blow, ye winds, blow, thy voice speaks forth thy
 sorrow,
But rest will come on wing of some tomorrow,
 Blow, ye winds, blow!

Blow, ye winds, blow! but bring me some rare
 blossom,
Or fill the air with perfume as ye go;
Bring to my heart the spirit of endurance
And leave me with some warmth of after-glow.
 Blow, ye winds, blow!

I'll sigh with thee, then turn my sigh to singing,
Just as the lark's first song began in pain;
Blow, ye winds, blow, to me thou art but bringing
Strength to sustain me when sorrow comes again.
 Blow, ye winds, blow!

THE STAR OF GOLD

Blow, ye winds, blow, but keep the graces near
me ;

Keep safe the homes of Faith and Hope and
Love.

Let no débris becloud their sacred windows,
But may God's sunshine pierce the clouds above.
Blow, ye winds, blow.

Though storms may rage, keep friendship's bark
still sailing

Upon the Sea of Destiny, oh Time,
And may she bring me treasures I shall cherish ;
Through God's eternal grace and love sublime,
Blow, all ye winds !

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